

CunninLynguists f/ Chizuko Yoshihiro

"The Park"

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[Verse 1: Natti] The park bout to pop like fish grease
Full to the gills like a hooked up six piece With a biscuit,
on the spot like a fresh toupee For sunshine on a fresh
blue day Gents breaking out they fresh new jays to
match hats Ladies with their best doo laid and relaxed
Like, the children skippin rope, double dutch chantin
Miss Mary Mack dressed in black, hands clappin Sweet
Cadillacs with their backs sub slappin Puppy love
couples cuddled with their clothes matchin Cops
passin, harass and tail ya Sometimes pull ya ass over
just to tell ya [Verse 2: Deacon] Our failures, amongst
the rose and azalea Y'all congregating like Martin King
in Selma Just trying to have a good time like James or
Thelma My cousin bangin 'Pac, my mama singin
Mahalia Feels good today, all the hood's dismay Is
outshined by what coming together could equate
Through my locs, see my Kynfolk that stood with me
Dayton's spokes, crown on leather and wood display
My queens dressed for impression, that's God sendin
blessin Hot like the West End, Icebox on the FM We
need this, more than Playboy needs Hef and More than
your lungs need breaths of [Hook: Chizuko Yoshihiro]
Fresh air, what a day at the park Fresh air, what a day
at the park Fresh air [Verse 3: Deacon] Yo, it's getting
cool but the coal's still red Stripes and Patron on chill,
my folks all fed Ladies, what it do? Fellas, what it is?
Oughta have a blue carpet for the A's on the list Got the
bootleggers tryin to appraise me some shit Like twenty
dollars can put sunrays on my wrist And fa sho', as hot
sauce stays on my fish On the ladies, playas gamin like
live on 'em DJ on the mic got the slide goin Soul Train
line moves like The Glide throwin On the slow songs,
grind, put pine in the ozone Find something fine to
poke on [Verse 4: Natti] As the sun puts locs on, light is
no mystery Hickory smokes gone off the rotisserie
Physically grabbin all off in my nose cavity Tiffany strut
as her booty oppose gravity How do I get her without
her cold slappin me? Have to be late in the park parkin
lot Where trunks knock a lot and weed spark a lot In
humidity scorchin hot, will beef cook or rot? Summer
breeze in need like Benji's and Jackson's Instead

pennies are stackin, coppers reactin To how peoples
relaxin in orderly fashion If you holdin the rock, then
you ought to be passin Cause they ain't playin, got a
cell you can stay in Can this night go off right? I'm
prayin Please Lord, hear these words that I'm sayin On
this day can Angels party without Satan

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